



Faculty of Music
University of Toronto

thursday evening series

GÉRARD SOUZAY, Baritone

DALTON BALDWIN, PIANIST

MACMILLAN THEATRE, EDWARD JOHNSON BUILDING
FEBRUARY 13, 1975 at 8:30 p.m.

Talismane Schumann

God is everywhere. His word is justice. His might, protection, therefore praise Him forever. When troubled, He can advise and show the right, therefore rest in His palm.

Ihre Stimme Schumann

Deep in thine eyes I'm gazing, to read thy soul I try.
What is the potent magic that in thy voice doth lie?
So many words are spoken that do not reach the mind.
They sound but are forgotten and leave no trace behind.
But when thy voice through distance its way to me has
found, 'tis joy to me to listen; I ne'er forget the
sound. I hear its tone with rapture; I tremble and
rejoice. There is a tie uniting my heart and thy dear
voice.

Der arme Peter, Opus 53, No. 3 Schumann
(sung without pause)

Der Hans und die Grete tanzen herum: Hans and Gretel in bridal array are dancing in jubilant happiness. Poor Peter, pale and disheveled, in work-day clothes stands, silently watching them.

In meiner Brust da sitzt ein Weh: The pain in my heart would tear my breast asunder. Whate'er I do, where'er I go, it drives me ever on. To mountain's lonely heights I climb, there to weep unseen.

Der arme Peter wankt vorbei: Poor Peter staggers slowly by, shy and ghostly pale. Men stare and maidens whisper as he passes. "He must have risen from the grave!" Ah, no fair maids, into the grave he soon descends for there alone can he find peace; since his love is lost to him for aye.

Der Sennen Abschied Schumann

Beautiful shepherdess, sing again your call into the valley,
That its gay sound echo against the mountains.
Listen, oh shepherdess, how your song penetrates the bosom of
the mountains
How the mountains echo again your beautiful message.
But as everything of you will leave with your song either
induced by love or sense of death,
And the gray top of the mountains will be again solitary and
look ever sadly remembering your songs.

Der Nussbaum Schumann

The soft rustling of the nut tree whispers of a bridegroom and of the coming year. The maiden,
listening, falls smilingly asleep.

Lorelei Schumann

The hour is late, the night so cold,
Why rid'st thou lonely through the wold?
The wood is wide, and thou so lone,
Come, lovely bride, I'd lead thee home!

Faithless is man, his word foresworn,
With pain and woe my heart is torn.
Hark how the horn sounds far and near.
Oh fly, oh fly! Thou know'st not who is here!

So richly deck'd, thy steed and thou,
So wondrous fair, so wondrous young thy form,
thy brow.

I know thee now, God stand me by!
Thou art that witch, the Lorelei!

Thou know'st me well. Yon tow'rs of mine
Look down in silence on the Rhine.
The hour is late, the night is cold,
Thou'lt never leave this dreary wold,
Nevermore, never shalt thou leave this wold!

Der schwere Abend Schumann

The dark clouds were hanging down heavy,
so filled with menace
Both of us went sadly up and down in the garden.

The night was without stars,
so dark, so hot and mute.
Only made for tears like our love.

And when I had to leave and said goodnight
to you,
My heart wished for both of us — death.

Widmung Schumann

Thou art my soul, the heart of me,
Thou all my joy and grief shalt be;
Thou art my world, my life restoring,
My heav'n art thou, wherein I'm soaring,
Thou art the grave where buried be
The grief, the cares that burden me!

Thou to my heart great rest hast given;
Thou art for me a gift from heaven;
'Tis but thy love alone I prize;
All life for me is in thine eyes;
Oh! let them shine upon me now,
My better self, my angel thou!

Chanson romanesque

If ever for rest you are yearning,
I'll hush the winds and seas, my love,
I will say to the sun above:
"Cease in your flight, stay in your turning!"
If ever for morning you sigh,
The stars will I hide and their wonder,
The splendour of heaven tear asunder,
And banish the night from the sky . . .
But if ever I hear you cry:
"Give me your life, prove how you love me,"
Darkness will fall, shadows above me,
Blessing you still, then I shall die!
O Dulcinée!

Chanson épique

Unto my soul her presence lending,
Saint Michael come! her champion let me be,
With knightly grace her fame defending,
Saint Michael, come! to earth descending,
With good Saint George before the shrine
Of the Madonna with face divine.
May the light of heaven be lying,
Give to my spirit purity,
And lend my heart sweet piety
And lift my soul in ecstasy undying!
(O good Saint George and Saint Michael, hear me)
An angel watches ever near me,
My own beloved, like, so like to you,
Madonna, maid divine! Amen.

Chanson à boire

Lady adored! Wherefore this sorrow?
I live in your glance divine,
Say not that love, love and good wine
Brings to us mortals grief tomorrow.
Drink then! Drink to joy!
For good wines make you laugh like a merry boy!
Who wants a maid (not I, I'm thinking)
A maid who mopes all day long,
Silent and pale, never a song,
Frowning to see her lover drinking!
Drink then, drink to joy

INTERMISSION

Mandoline *Debussy*

Beaux at serenading vying,
With fair ladies are a-straying,
Them, pointless compliments, paying,
'Neath branches breeze-stirr'd sighing.
Thyrsis strolls with his Aminta,
There is that tiresome Clitander,
With them see Damis wander,
Whose lovelays charm hearts cold as winter.

Short silken doublets they show,
Long dresses too, with trains trailing,
And grace and joy unfailing,
While with them their vague shadows go,
Whirl'd and twirl'd in glamour'd twinkling,
In the silver, rose-flush'd moonlight,
As borne on the breeze of night
Comes mocking the mandolin's twinkling.

Beau soir *Debussy*

When at the set of sun all the streamlets are glowing
And a tremulous breeze drifts o'er the fields of grain,
Breathes a word to be glad from everything outflowing,
And doth rise to the heart in pain.
'Tis a counsel to taste life's sweets, its joys
be knowing while we still have our youth, our skies
untouched with gloom.
For we must wend our way, as this stream onward flowing,
It on to the sea — we to the tomb.

Colloque sentimental *Debussy*

In the old park, deserted and frozen,
two forms just now passed by.

Their eyes are dead and their lips are flabby,
and one can hardly hear their words.

In the old park, deserted and frozen,
two ghosts were recalling their past.

"Do you remember our old ecstasy?"

"But why do you want me to remember it?"

"Does your heart still beat at the very mention of my name?
Do you always see my spirit in your dreams?" "No."

"Ah! the beautiful days of unutterable happiness
when our lips met!" "It is possible."

"How blue the sky was, and how great our hope!"

"Hope has flown, vanquished, to the black sky."

So they walked on through the wild oats,
and only the night heard their words.

Green Debussy

With fruit and flowers I come, with branches foliage-laden,
And bring, beside, my heart that for you beats alone;
Ah, do not rend it then, with your white fingers, maiden
Nor let your lovely eyes my small present disown.

I come to you my features traces still disclosing
Of the dewdrops the dawn wind has cooled on my brow,
Ah, let me, worn and weary, at your dear feet reposing
Dream thro' sweet moments, soothing my fatigue now.

My head upon your breast in fond quiescence lying,
Still heavy with the memory of your last kiss I knew;
There let love's happy tempest, in sweet solace dying,
Subside in sleep awhile, now that you slumber too.

Hôtel Poulenc

My room is like a cage.
The sun reaches its arm through the window;
But I, who wish to smoke to make mirages,
light my cigarette with the fire of the day.
I do not want to work.
I want to smoke.

Reine des mouettes Poulenc

Queen of the sea-gulls, my orphan, I love your
rosy view;
You left my hands, under the soft mists, veils
of our bonds.
Blush, blush from my kiss, you divine sea-gull,
you queen, my orphan;
You, rose, I remember.

Le portrait Poulenc

Beautiful, naughty, deceitful, unjust,
more changeable than the April wind,
you cry for joy, laugh in anger.
You love me when I do wrong,
you laugh at me when I am good.
You hardly thanked me when I gave you the beautiful
necklace,
but you blushed with pleasure
like a little girl
the day I gave you this handkerchief
which you pressed to your painted mouth.
And, before you had quickly removed it,
I could see that your mouth, only painted
red, was natural, simple and pure,
the very portrait of your heart.

Jacques Villon: (Le Travail du peintre) (Seven Melodies on the Poems of Paul Eluard) Life to cherish always in spite of plague, crimes, lies. The bird, man, love pacify the earth, brighten the woods, illuminate the rosy night.

Couplets bachiques Poulenc

I am rough and ready all day,
grave and frolicsome by turns.
When I see a bottle without wine,
I am grave; if it is full, I am jolly.
I am rough and ready all day,
grave and frolicsome by turns.
When I am with my wife
I am sober all the time.
If the pretty girls take me on,
I am jolly and gay.
Ah! lovely waitress, pour me some wine.
Let me make merry — Tra, la, la!

El vito Nin

An old woman is worth twenty-five centimes.
A young one is worth two quarters.
And I, as I am poor, must be content with less —
But the dance goes on.
Be careful not to tease me for I might blush!

Granadina Nin

The torments of love are the greatest of all suffering, for one weeps with a song on the lips and the eyes dry of tears. Give me that dagger and say that I killed myself; and in the crimson flow of my blood thou wilt see how well I loved thee.

Del cabello màs sutil Obradors

The silken hair you have in your braids — I would make of it a chain to bind you to me. I would like to be the fountain in your home, little one, so your lips would kiss mine when you drink from it. Ah!

Coplas del curro dulce Obradors

Ah, the tiny little bride, the tiny little groom, the tiny little parlor and the tiny little room. That is why the resting place must be very, very small as well as the mosquito netting.

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Next Thursday Evening Series: March 20, 1975
Composers String Quartet — performing all three of Elliott Carter's Quartets

Next Event: Friday, February 14, 1975 at 8 p.m.
A Celebration of Trumpets — Stephen Chenette, trumpet assisted by friends and students.